The Bondman

Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS.

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her, and in his anger he disowned her. Orry ran away to sea. Of this union a child was born and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a heart-broken woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him, and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man. He was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse and married a dissolute woman, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave Sunlocks to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's daughter, Greeba.

"You have been a true wife to me and led a god life," said Adam, "and have holpen me through many troubles, and we have had cheerful hours together, despite some crosses."

But Mrs. Fairbrother was not to be pacified.

"Then let us not part in anger," said Adam, "and though I will not do your bidding, and send away the lad—no, nor let him go of himself, now that for sake of peace he asks it—yet to show you that I mean no wrong by my own flesh and blood, this is what I will do: I have my few hundreds for my office, but all I hold that I can call my own is Lague. Take it—it shall be yours for your lifetime, and our sons' and their sister's after you."

At these terms the bad bargain was concluded, and Mrs. Fairbrother went away to Lague, leaving Adam with Michael Sunlocks at government house.

And the old man, being now alone with the lad, though his heart never wavered or rued the price he had paid for him, often turned yearningly towards thoughts of his daughter Greeba, so that at length he said, speaking of her as the child he had parted from, "I can live no longer without my little lass, and will go and fetch her."

Then he wrote to the Duchess at her house in London, and a few days afterward he followed his letter.

He had been a week gone when Michael Sunlocks, having now the governor's routine work to do, was sent for out of the north of the island to see to the light on the Point of Ayre, where there was then no lighthouse, but only a flase stuck out from a pole at the end of a standstone jetty, a poor proxy, involving much risk for ships. Two days he was away, and returning home he slept a night at Douglas, rising at sunrise to make the last stage of his journey to Castletown. He was riding Goldie, the governor's little roan, the season was spring, and the morning, fresh from its long draught of dew, was sweet and beautiful. But Michael Sunlocks rode heavily along, for he was troubled by many misgivings. He was asking himself for the hundredth time whether it was right of him, and a true man's part, to suffer himself to stand between Adam Fairbrother and his family. The sad breach being made all that he could do to heal it was to take himself away, whether Adam favored that course or not. And he had concluded that, painful as the remedy would be, yet he must needs take it, and that very speedily, when he came up to the gate of government house, and turned Goldie down the path to the left that led to the stables.

He had not gone far when over the lowing of the cattle in the byres, and the steady munching of the sheep on the other side of the hedge, and thro' the smell of the early grass there came to him the sweetest sounds he had ever heard, and some of the queerest and craziest. Without knowing what he did, or why he did it, but taking himself at his first impulse, he drew rein, and Goldie came to a stand on the mossgrown pathway. Then he knew that two were talking together a little in front of him, but partly hidden by a turn of the path and the thick trammon that bordered it. Rising in his stirrups he could see one of them, and it was his old friend, Chalse A'Killey, the carrier, a shambling figure in a guernsey and blue seaman's cap, with tousled hair and a simple, vacant face, and lagging lower lip, but eyes of a strange brightness.

And "Aw, yes," Chalse was saying, "he's a big lump of a boy grown, and no pride at all, at all, and a fine English tongue at him, and clever extraordinary. Him and me's same as brothers, and he was mortal fond to ride my ould donkey when he was a slip of a lad. Aw, yes, him and me's middlin' well acquent."

Then some linnets that were hiding in the trammon began to twitter, and what was said next Michael Sunlocks did not catch, but only heard the voice that answered old Chalse, and that seemed to make the music of the birds sound harsh.

"'What is he like?' It is like it is?" old Chalse said again. "Aw, straight as the backbone of a herrin' and tall and strong; and as for a face, maybe there's not a man in the island to hold a candle to him. Och, no, nor a woman neither—saving yourself, maybe. And aw, now, the sweet and tidy ye're looking this morning, anyway: as fresh as the dewdrop, my chree."

Goldie grew restless, began to paw the path and twist his round flanks into the leaves of the tramman, and at the next instant Michael Sunlocks was aware that there was a flutter in front of him, and a soft tread on the silent moss, and before he could catch back the lost consciousness of that moment, a light and slender figure shot out with a rhythm of gentle movement, and stood in all its grace and lovely sweetness two paces beyond the head of his horse.

"Greeba!" thought Michael Sunlocks; and sure enough it was she, in the first bloo of her womanhood, with gleams of her child face haunting her still and making her woman's face luminous, with the dark eyes softened and the dimpled cheeks smoothed out. She was bareheaded, and the dark fall of her hair was broken over her ears by eddies of wavy curls. Her dress was very light and loose, and it left the proud lift of her throat bare, as well as the tower of her round neck, and a hint of the full swell of her bosom.

In a moment Michael Sunlocks dropped from his saddle and held out his hand to Greeba, afraid to look into her face as yet, and she put out her hand to him and blushed: both frightened more than glad. He tried to speak, but never a word would come, and he felt his cheeks burn red. But her eyes were shy of his, and nothing she saw but the shadow of Michael's tall form above her and a glint of the uncovered shower of fair hair that had made him Sunlocks. She turned her eyes aside a moment then quickly recovered herself and laughed a little, partly to hide her own confusion and partly in joy at the sight of his, and all this time he held her hand, arrested by a sudden gladness, such as comes with the first sunshine of spring and the scent of the year's first violet.

There was then the harsh scrape on the path of old Chalse A'Killey's feet going off, and, the spell being broken, Greeba was the first to speak.

"You were glad when I went away—are you sorry that I have come back again?"

But his breath was gone and he could not answer, so he only laughed, and pulled the reins of the horse over its head and walked before it by Greeba's side as she turned towards the stable. In the cowhouse the kine were lowing, over the half-door a calf held out his red and white head and munched and munched, on the wall a peacock was strutting, and across the paved yard the two walked together, Greeba and Michael Sunlocks, softly, without words, with quick glances and quicker blushes.

Adam Fairbrother saw them from a window of the house, and he said within himself, "Now God grant that this may be the end of all partings between them and me." That chanced to be the day before Good Friday, and it was only three days afterwards that Adam sent for Michael Sunlocks to see him in his room.

Sunlocks obeyed, and found a strange man with the governor. The strange man was of more than middle age, rough of dress, bearded, tanned, of long flaxen hair, an ungainly but colossal creature. When they came face to face, the face of Michael Sunlocks fell, and that of the man lightened visibly.

"That is your son, Stephen Orry," said old Adam, in a voice that trembled and broke. "And this is your father Michael Sunlocks."

The Stephen Orry, with a depth of languor in his slow gray eyes, made one step toward Michael Sunlocks, and half opened his arms as if to embrace him. But a pitiful look of shame crossed his face at that moment, and his arms fell again. At the same instant Michael Sunlocks, growing very pale and dizzy, drew slightly back, and they stood apart, with Adam between them.

"He has come for you to go away to his own country," Adam said falteringly.

It was Easter Day, nineteen years after Stephen Orry had fled from Iceland.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOW OF STEPHEN ORRY.

Stephen Orry's story was soon told. He desired that his son, being now of an age that suited it, should go to the Latin school at Reykjavik, to study there under old Bishop Petersen, a good man whom all Icelanders venerated, and he himself had known from his childhood up. He could bear the expense of it, and saying so he hung his head a little. An Irish brig, hailing from Belfast, and bound for Reykjavik, was to put in at Ramsey on the Saturday following. By that brig he wished his son to sail. He should be back at the little house in Port-y-Vullin between this and then, and he desired to see his son there, having something of consequence to say to him. That was all. Fumbling his cap, the great creature shambled out, and was gone before the others were aware.

Then Michael Sunlocks declared stoutly that come what might he would not go. Why should he? Who was this man that he should command his obedience? His father? Then what, as a father, had he done for him? Abandoned him to the charity of others. What was he? One whom he had thought of with shame, hoping never to set eyes on his face. And now, this man, this father, this thing of shame, would have him sacrifice all that was near and dear to him, and leave behind the only one who had been, indeed, his father, and the only place that had been, in truth, his home. But no, this base thing he should not do. And, saying this, Michael Sunlocks tossed his head proudly, though there was a great gulp in his throat, and his shrill voice had risen to a cry.

And to all this rush of protest old Adam, who had first stared out of the window with a look of sheer bewilderment, and then sat before the fire to smoke, trying to smile though his mouth would not bend, and to say something more though there seemed nothing to say, answered only in a thick under-breath, "He is your father, my lad, he is your father."

Hearing this again and again repeated, even after he had fenced it with many answers, Michael Sunlocks suddenly bethought himself of all that had so lately occurred, and the idea came to him in the whirl of his stunned senses that perhaps the governor wished him to go, now that they could part without offence or reproach on either side. At that bad thought his face fell, and though little given to woman's ways he had almost flung himself at old Adam's feet to pray of him not to send him away whatever happened, when all at once he remembered his vow of the morning. What had come over him since he made that vow, that he was trying to draw back now? He thought of Greeba, of the governor, and again of Greeba. Had the coming of Greeba altered all? Was it because Greeba was back home that he wished to stay? Was it for that the governor wished him to go, needing him now no more? He did not know, he could not think; only the hot flames rose to his cheeks and the hot tears to his eyes, and he tossed his head again mighty proudly, and said as stoutly as ever, "Very well—very well—I'll go—since you wish it."

Now old Adam saw but too plainly what mad strife was in the lad's heart to be wroth with him for all the ingratitude of his thought, so, his wrinkled face working hard with many passions—sorrow and tenderness, yearning for the lad and desire to keep him, pity for the father robbed of the love of his son, who felt an open shame of him—the good man twisted about from the fire and said, "Listen, and you shall hear what your father has done for you."

And then, with a brave show of composure, though many a time his old face twitched and his voice faltered, and under his bleared spectacles his eyes blinked, he told Michael Sunlocks the story of his infancy—how his father, a rude man, little used to ways of tenderness, had nursed him when his mother, being drunken and without natural feelings, had neglected him; how his father had tried to carry him away and failed for want of the license allowing them to go; how at length in dread of what might come to the child, yet loving him fondly, he had concluded to kill him, and had taken him out to sea in the boat to do it, but could not compass it from the terror of the voice that seemed to speak within him; and, last of all, how his father had brought him there to that house, not abandoning him to the charity of others, but yielding him up reluctantly, and as one who gave away in solemn trust the sole thing he held dear in all the world.

And pleading in this way for Stephen Orry, poor old Adam was tearing at his own heart woefully, little wishing that his words would prevail, yet urging them the more for the secret hope that, in spite of all, Michael Sunlocks, like the brave lad he was, would after all refuse to go. But Michael, who had listened impatiently at first, tramping the room to and fro, paused presently, and his eyes began to fill and his hands to tremble. So that when Adam, having ended, said, "Now, will you not go to Iceland?" thinking in his heart that the lad would fling his arms about him and cry, "No, no, never, never," and he himself would answer, "My boy, my boy, you shall stay here, you shall stay here," Michael Sunlocks, his heart swelling and his eyes glistening with a great new pride and tenderness, said softly, "Yes—yes, for a father like that I would cross the world."

Adam Fairbrother said not a word more. He blew out the candle that shone on his face, sat down before the fire, and through three hours thereafter smoked in silence.

The next day, being Monday, Greeba was sent on to Lague, that her mother and brothers might see her after her long absence from the island. She was to stay there until the Monday following, that she might be at Ramsey to bid good-bye to Michael Sunlocks on the eve of his departure for Iceland.

Three days more Michael spent at government house, and on the morning of Friday, being fully ready and his leather trunk gone on before in care of Chalse A'Killey, who would suffer no one else to carry it, he was mounted for his journey on the little roan Goldie when up came the governor astride his cob.

"I'll just set you as far as Ballasala," he said, jauntily, and they rode away together.

(To be continued.)

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Pa?"

"Well?"

"What's the difference between wages and salary?"

"If a man is working for $5 a day running a machine of some kind, or laying brick or doing something else that makes a white collar and cuffs uncomfortable, he gets wages. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"But if he sits at a desk and uses a pen and gets $11 a week and has soft hands he receives a salary. Now, do you see the difference?"

Small Boy—What do they call a king, pa? Father—"His majesty." Small Boy—Well, if they call a king "his majesty," what do they call an ace?

LADIES' COLUMN.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half so pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes,
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter,
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose swetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still;
Whose voice, as of old, can charm him;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill.

Who has plucked the rose, to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace?

Who sees in the step a lightness;
Who finds in the form a grace;
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face?

Undimmed and unchanged—ah, happy
Is he crowned with such a life;
Who drinks the wife, pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts, in the sweetheart, the wife. —Queerquill.

THE BEST WIVES.

At a recent talk Max O'Rell gave in England on the women of the world, he remarked that he had found only two countries where men were in leading strings and women were the leaders—France and the United States.

The lecturer manifested a keen admiration for the French women, who, he went, on to say, under all the varying circumstances of life, freely offered her husband advice—which he generally took. She advised him in money matters. That was why he retained his money. The French woman, too, always remained interesting. She never ever wore her hair more than three weeks in the same way. She knew that the same dishes became insipid if eternally served with the same sauce. In business, she was her husband's adviser, and shared all his affairs.

English and American women often did not know their husbands were on the road to ruin or wealth.

Mr. O'Rell then spoke at length of the American woman. In America, Mrs. Jonathan was a distinct type. An American girl, from the age of seventeen, had almost every liberty, yet American women inspired respect everywhere.

The different positions which women occupied in America, as compared with England, was due, he thought, largely to education. American boys and girls sat together in the same schools, and the girls took a majority of the prizes. He also paid a compliment to the chivalry of American men to the opposite sex, which, he said, he had found in no other country.

COOKING RECIPES.

Sour Cream Pie—One cupful sugar, one cupful of thick, sour cream, one egg, one scant cupful of raisins stoned and cut fine, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a pinch of salt; mix thoroughly, season with nutmeg; bake with two crusts, same as mince pie.

Tomato Scallops—In making tomato scallops, place alternate layers of bread crumbs and tomatoes in a buttered baking tin. The tomatoes may be either canned or fresh. Sprinkle pieces of butter and salt and pepper over each layer. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown.

Cucumbers a la Parisienne—Pare the cucumbers rather thick and let them lie in ice water. Shortly before serving, cut lengthwise into four or six portions, according to the size of the cucumber; arrange upon an oblong dish and cover with French dressing. Pass with the fish course, says Good Housekeeping.

Curried Rice—Boil one cupful of thoroughly washed rice in two cupfuls of boiling salted water. Boil for ten minutes and strain; add a teaspoonful of curry powder that has been rubbed smooth in cold water; boil the rice thus seasoned in a cupful of stock until tender. Strain, place in the center of a platter, cover with the liquor and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Salad—A very pretty form of salad may be made by lining a border mould with aspic jelly and then filling it up with finely shred salad, lettuce, radishes, cress, cucumber or tomatoes, well mixed with either a plain French or a mayonnaise dressing; pour some liquid aspic over the whole, then put it aside till set. When firm, turn it out into a dish and fill up the center with marinaded lobster or crab, piling this well up.

SHADOW POTATOES.

Wash and pare potatoes, and slice thinly into a bowl of cold water. Let stand two hours or over night, changing the water twice. Drain, and plunge into a kettle of boiling water, and boil one minute. Again drain them and cool with cold water. Take from the water and dry them between towels. Then fry in deep fat, dry on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt.

Prepared in this way by first boiling, they are much more delicious than when fried without boiling. It is more work, but those who have eaten agree that it is labor well expended.

FILTERED COFFEE.

Put one cupful of ground coffee in strainer, strainer in coffee pot, and pot on range. Add, gradually, six cupfuls of boiling water, and allow it to filter. For black coffee use three cupfuls of boiling water instead of six, and serve without cream.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

A very strong movement is again being made in favor of reviving the wear of the odious hoopskirt, in direct contrast to the present clinging style of dress.

Squares of oriental cloth make stylish and inexpensive trimimng for cloth gowns, if artistically used in combination with gold buttons, buckles or braid.

Velvet flowers and shaded foliage in deep green and also in brilliant autumn leaf effects combined with masses of black ostrich plumes, will constitute the leading garnitures on felt and velvet hats for the autumn and winter seasons

There has arisen a sudden fad for the wearing of bright grass-green tulle or grenadine veils. They are worn frequently as a rather conspicuous halo around the hat and are seldom pulled down over the face. The upper ends are fastened with a single pin and the lower portion of the veil flutters in the breeze.

Shirt waists of soft sheer veiling, cashmere and wool barege will fill up the interval between the linen and cotton styles of the summer and the cloth and French flannel waists for cold weather wear. These light-wool garments are of plain fabric or striped or dotted with white, red, black or blue, in several distinct shades.

The French felt hats for next season are as soft and fine as velvet. They are fashioned in many ways, some becoming, others less so. The Ladysmith and Rough Rider styles are still prominent. Brown, grey, gold red and black are among the leading colors, white felt models being retained to wear until cold weather, with costumes of white cloth, mohair, serge and cashmere.

Women have revolted from the commonsense shoes to which they went over unreservedly a few seasons ago. Even on the golf links this summer a moderately pointed and dainty shoe has appeared more often than the clumping, bulldog-toed, extension-soled calf-skin shoe of last season. The result isn't rational, but it is becoming, and makes the reign of short skirts more endurable from an artistic point of view.

Picture hats are evidently the accepted keynote for autumn and winter millinery, and it is to be hoped that if women will affect picture hats they will take them seriously. Such a hat should be made especially for the wearer and every detail of its effect studied with the utmost care. The droop of a feather, the curve of a line may make all the difference between a ravishingly becoming hat and a fashionably hideous picture hat, and the brim must be bent, the trimming adjusted to suit the individual wearer's face and head.

A great deal of the color of pressed sea mosses, ferns and flowers just now being used for various decorations on silk and satin sachets, cushion covers, etc., appears to be taken from them during the pressing process. A celebrated chemist says that if the sheets of blotting paper used for drying the flowers and mosses are first dipped into a weak solution of oxalic acid and then thoroughly dried before laying the flowers between them, the result will be much more satisfactory.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

The memory of Miss Mary Kingsley, the African traveler, is to be comemorated by a Mary Kingsley memorial hospital. It is to be used primarily for the treatment of diseases peculiar to the tropics, and it will probably be erected in Liverpool.

Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of the ex-president, is arranging to enjoy herself thoroughly next summer. She has purchased a farm at Islesboro, Me., and is about to erect there a handsome summer cottage. The whole will be one of the finest pieces of property in that section.

Mrs. Clemens plays a very important part in her husband's (Mark Twain's) literary life. All that he writes passes under her severe censorship; she is the most acute critic, and if there is anything in what he has written which does not meet with her entire approval it goes straightway to the waste basket or is held back for revision.

Mrs. Laura A. Alderman owns the largest orchard in South Dakota. According to W. N. Irwin, chief of the division of pomology of the department of agriculture in Washington, she has, near Harley, Turner county, 150 acres in which are 8,000 trees, two acres being given over to plums. Besides the trees there are 1,000 currant bushes, 1,000 gooseberry bushes, 500 grape vines and three acres of strawberries.

A little 13-year-old girl of Canton, O., named Vera Berliner, who was anxious to play her violin before President McKinley, stole around to his house one evening while the president and his friends were on the porch, and began to play "Old Folks at Home." Mr. McKinley brought her on the porch and had her play several tunes, ending with "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The child is ambitious to become a great musician.

Mrs. Henrietta C. Oldberg of Albert Lea, Minn., has interested herself for many years in the cultivation of flax, and is now at the Paris exposition looking into this matter. Mr. Lippon, a Belgian manufacturer of linen, visited Mrs. Oldberg at her home, and was much struck with the suitability of the place for manufacturing the flax fiber for linenmakers, and has offered to establish a factory there if she will assist him and offers to pay all the expenses of Mr. Oldberg and her entire party if she will visit his manufactory and other places in Belgium where linen is made.

FARM NEWS NOTES.

RAISING CALVES WITHOUT MILK.

The oldest method known of raising calves without milk, and one that is practiced with good success at the present day is by means of hay tea. Good clover hay which has been cut early is taken; cut five-eighths of an inch long and boiled for one-half hour. Three pounds of hay are allowed for each calf. After the hay is boiled the short hay is placed on a wire cloth sieve and strained, while the flaxseed and middlings to be mixed with it are put into the kettle with the hay extract and boiled to a jelly. Two gallons of the tea, in which one-quarter pound of flaxseed and one-quarter pound of wheat middlings have been boiled, are given each day to a calf 30 days old. At the end of 60 days the wheat middlings are increased to one-half pound per day. A bulletin from the Ontario Farmers' institute says the boiling extracts to soluble nutritive constituents of the hay, and this extract contains all the food elements required to make the animal grow and is, moreover, as digestible as milk. Gains per day of two pounds per head and over have been reported in calves up to two months old that were fed on the extract of tea, flaxseed and middlings. To insure success, however, the hay must be well cured, bright and of good quality, and the tea fed at a temperature of 90 to 92 degrees F. Very often the extract is weak in albuminous and fatty matter on account of being made from late cut or poorly cured hay, or the mistake is made of adding too much water. Under the circumstances it is not surprising if the calves do not make a good, healthy growth. The hay tea may be fed to calves until they can do without it, its place being then taken by pasture or green feed in the pen. Some discontinue it when their calves are three months old, but continue the oil and bran in a dry state all the summer, or these can be mixed with water if this is considered advisable. The steeped hay after the tea is extracted is greedily eaten by horses and cattle; but, of course, much of its goodness is removed in the boiling.

CORN AND HOGS.

The United States is the great hog growing country of the world. No other country can compare with it in producing healthful pork at so low a cost. In producing pork the great essential is a cheap, healthy feed. The American maize or corn is the basis for the cheap fattening feed in producing pork. No other country is so situated for producing corn as the corn belt of the United States. The great profit with the American farmer is in the use of allt he grass and corn that can be safely done in growing and fattening his animals. There are various by-products on the farm that in the economy of pig feeding are useful. Nothing is more so than milk from the dairy after having the cream separated from it. Skim milk and corn meal mixed together is a better feed than either one separate, as has been determined by the experiment stations time and again. It would be impossible to raise hogs for pork purposes on so extensive a scale as is done in the United States if it were not for the great corn fields and immense crops that can be grown so easily and profitably. Secondly, if we did not have the means of feeding corn it would be an almost worthless production, as the quantities raised would be so large there would be no other way to consume it. We are now in shape to annually consume a two-billion crop of corn in the United States.

DANGEROUS BREEDING.

One of the tendencies of breeders today is to produce a fine pedigree. A noted name in its pedigree helps to sell an animal; if it appears more than once the pedigree is still "stronger," and it is an easy course of reasoning to the conclusion that the more times this name appears the better the pedigree, hence the more desirable the animal. Of course such pedigree building means in-breeding, one of the most common sources of disaster to breeders. It is true that inbreeding has produced wonderful results in the hands of a few masters, but it was necessary with them to produce their type. Nowadays it is not necessary. Type is not confined to one family or branch of that family, it can be had and improved without resort to the dangerous methods of earlier breeders.

Another mistake closely allied to the above is to give undue importance to certain strains of blood. In Shorthorns, for example, the presence of Scotch tops has such an influence that it often sells an inferior animal for the price of a good one. The buyer of such pays too much for a pedigree that somebody has built, he pays too much for family. He departs from the rule of Cruickshank himself, who founded the useful families now so popular on the best individuals he could find regardless of "fashion" in their pedigrees. He worked upon the principle that the surest indication of good breeding is a good individual. The individual was the important thing with him, and it should be with all breeders; then the fancier the pedigree the better.

A FUTURE MARKET.

It is a very common thing for South American buyers to figure in British auctions of pure-bred stock, and has been for a number of years. At the same time there are no buyers for South America at American sales. The reason is very clear, and it lies wholly in lack of transportation facilities. When the difficulty of shipment is overcome American breeders should find a good market for pure-bred stock in the southern continent.